

A delicate new Ditty composed upon the Posie of a Ring :  
being, *I fancie none but thee aloner*: sent as a New-years gift  
by a Lover to his Sweet-heart.

To the tune of *Dalcina*.

43



**T**hou that art so fresh a creature,  
that shew all earthly joy.  
I this vowe for thy eyes feature,  
will not by sinning say,  
no; be thou wote  
when this my suit  
into thy eares by tone is blowne,  
but say by me,  
as I by thee,  
I fancie none but thee alone.

Woe then Cupids mothers beauty,  
and Dianes chaste beirenes,  
I shalke on that which is thy duty,  
to hold all what love requires :  
'Tis I love I wote,  
and tis thy task  
to be propitious to my woe,  
for still I say,  
and still say we,  
I fancie none but thee alone.

Let not this correct eye- Fraigne thee,  
beauen eyes at first exclaim  
He turns man, though I say the,  
being by love late contrayned,  
my love and tears  
true witness beares  
of my hearts griefe and heavy mood,  
let not thy frowne  
then me cast downe,  
Who fancie none but thee alone.

Think what promise thou shalt give me,  
when I see thee the behold,  
Where thou wilt not then wouldst not  
for a mass of Indian gold, (leave me  
but wote I find  
that art thinking,  
all former vowe are past and gone,  
yet once againe  
him entertaine :

Who fancie none but thee alone.

Let my true affections move thee  
to commiserate my paine,  
If thou know'st I love thee I love thee,  
sure thou wilt not love me againe :  
I the wote,  
my woe respect  
the welfare then I doe mine owne,  
let this move thee  
to pittie me,

Who fancie none but thee alone.

Why should I wote be obdurate,  
and mine pteffers thus despise  
Deare, be not so, we have a Curate,  
myshall wite to salernize :  
then Parigold,  
whose leaves unfold,  
when Tyane rays resten thereon,  
on the file thine,  
as thou art mine,  
I fancie none but thee alone.

45.  
6. 28.  
153.

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 being, I *fancie none but thee aloner*: sent as a New-years gift  
 by a Lover to his Sweet-heart.

To the tune of *Dalcina*.

43



**T**hou that art so full a creature,  
 that shew all earthly joy.  
 I this vaine say thy care feature,  
 will me not by leaving ay,  
 no; be thou wote  
 when this my suit  
 into thy eares by tone is blowne,  
 but say by me,  
 as I by thee,  
 I *fancie none but thee alone*.

Woe then Cupids mothers beauty,  
 and Dianes chaste beirenes,  
 I shalke on that which is thy duty,  
 to hold all what love requites :  
 'Tis love I make,  
 and tis thy task  
 to be propitious to my minne,  
 for still I say,  
 and still say ay,  
 I *fancie none but thee alone*.

Let not this correct eye- Fraigne thee,  
 because I say at first of beirenes  
 He turns me, though I say the,  
 being by love late contrayned,  
 my love and fear,  
 true withells beares  
 of my hearts griefe and heavy mood,  
 let not thy frowne  
 then me cast downe,  
 Who *fancies none but thee alone*.

Think what promise thou shalt give me,  
 when I see thee the behold,  
 Where thou wilt all thou wilt not  
 for a mass of Indian gold, (leave me  
 but wote I shal  
 then art thinking,  
 all former beires are past and gone,  
 yet once againe  
 him entertaine :

Who *fancies none but thee alone*.

Let my true affections minne thee  
 to commiserate my paine,  
 If thou know'st I love thee I love thee,  
 sure thou wilt love me againe :  
 I the aske,  
 my minne respect  
 the welfare then I see mine owne,  
 let this minne thee  
 to pittie me,

Who *fancies none but thee alone*.

Why should I women be obdurate,  
 and minne proffer this despise  
 Deare, be not so, we have a Curate,  
 myshall siten to solemnize :  
 then Parigold,  
 whose leaves unfold,  
 when Tyane rays resten thereon,  
 on the file thine,  
 for thou art mine,  
 I *fancie none but thee alone*.

45.  
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# The second part, Or the Maidens kind Reply.

To the same tune.



**D**ata I have received the token,  
and such is the faithfull love,  
Whoe let us may be spoken,  
I to the full content come,  
Was not despoire,  
was time in care  
For her sake chosen to be thy slave,  
though I seeme strange,  
I will not change,  
I fancie none but thee alone.

Thinks not that I will leave thee,  
though I am absent from thy sight,  
When I find my selfe kept from thee,  
I'd be with thee day and night,  
but shall thou knowe  
how I am cross,  
all should my love to thee be shewne,  
with freer access,  
yet take my way,  
I fancie none but thee alone.

Whis should be hath all bene said,  
that's bene a small neede say,  
And thus shall I be inclosed,  
from thy presence night and day,  
I care not how  
what love I give  
to thee, for sure it should be knowne,  
yet still my mind  
shall be inclosed,  
To fancie none but thee alone.

Though my body for a season,  
be absent from thy presence,  
Yet I pray thee judge with reason,  
that I love thee more the while:  
Did that I might  
enjoy thy sight,  
then should my love to thee be shewne,  
then was not think  
for love to think,  
Who fancies none but thee alone.

Many times I think upon thee,  
in my melancholy fits,  
When I find my selfe kept from thee,  
it dooeth me of my wits,  
all times I weepe,  
when others sleepe;  
producing many grievous grones,  
then think on me,  
as I on thee,  
And fancie none but me alone.

So full of doubts and fancies move me,  
to be from thy sight so long,  
Does not then (my heart) suppose me,  
not suspect I was thee wrong.  
For be thou sure,  
I doo assure,  
in constancie surpass by none,  
I long to see  
the time that we  
shall of two bodies be made one.